

that we are fighting against, and when we encounter these at every turn, and worse than all these, when we hear the dear boys and young men say to us, "Oh, I don't believe tobacco is so very bad for we all love Brother ——— and he uses it and I don't believe he would do anything that was very wicked." Or we have one who is already a slave to the habit, say to us (when we tell him that God will help him to break the habit), "Well, why don't he help Brother ———, surely he prays." Oh, when we hear these things we fall on our knees in agony and cry out, "How long, oh God, how long." "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? And your labor for that which satisfieth not? Harken diligently unto me, and eat that which is good and let your soul delight itself in fatness." Is. 55: 2. "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you. If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are." I Cor. 16, 17.

Oh beloved, in the name of Jesus the crucified, I beg of you to arise and cast this thing out of the church and then with clean, pure, holy hearts, mouth and bodies the church will arise in the strength of Jehovah and cast it out of the land. Oh, may God help us each and every one "to present unto him our bodies a living sacrifice holy acceptable unto God, and thereby we may preserve unto Christ a glorious church not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing, but that it shall be holy and without blemish, and by so doing we will settle forever the question of the church and the temperance cause.

Home Circle

The Robin's Nest

The rain patters fast, and the wind hurries by,
The sunshine is lost in the cloud covered sky,
But the robin sings on, as he sits in the tree,

For a brave little singer is he.

He comes from a land where the summer is fair,
Where the breath of the roses is sweet in the air,
But he knows the old home, and he hails it with glee

For a true hearted singer is he.

He hears the swift wind running over the plain,
And the leaves in their cradles talk low to the rain;
There are echoes of hope in his caroling free,

For a wise little singer is he.

He knows how the daisies will blow on the hill,
And the sheep will go cropping the pastures at will
So he laughs at the storm as he sits in the tree—

O wonderful singer is he.

He knows how the orchards will waken, and life
The snow of their blossoms, piled drift upon drift,
He thinks of a nest, hidden safe in the tree,

O a jubilant fellow is he!

For the lilt of his music can make us forget
The sheen of the springtimes whose glory has set,
And the heart is a throb for beauty to be,
When the robin sings out in the tree.

—Emily Huntington Miller.

Getting Ready to Enjoy

Selected.

She was a little old woman who came on at a country station for her first journey by railroad. The other passengers smiled as they watched while she settled herself and

her belongings as if she expected to travel round the world. A young relative who was with her called her attention to a beautiful view of the lake, but she was so busy with tucking a veil over her bonnet that she gave it scant notice.

"Pretty soon, John. As soon as I get everything fixed all right, I'm goin to sit back and enjoy myself," she said. "I always have been lottin' on a ride in the cars."

But her satchel, basket and box were not easily arranged to her liking, and the forty-mile ride was brief.

"Already? she exclaimed as the name of her destination was called. "Why, I've hardly had a might of pleasure from the journey yet! If I'd thought we were goin' to stop so soon, I wouldn't have wasted all my time fussin'."

The passengers smiled again, yet doubtless some of them were taking their life journey in much the same fashion. The world holds many who spend their days in getting ready to live—who sacrifice sweetesses, ties and pleasures of the present to amass goods for a time when they can "sit back comfortable," and enjoy themselves, but before it comes the journey is ended.

The Moon's Children

Selected.

A little girl believed that the stars were the children of the moon. Her mother wanted her to go to bed one night before she felt quite sleepy enough to go willingly.

"But the moon hasn't sent her children to bed yet," objected the little astronomer, petulantly.

It so happened that a storm was brewing, and heavy clouds were gathering in the heavens.

"Go and see if it hasn't," said her mother. The little head was immediately popped out of the window, and the sky was scanned eagerly.

"Well, I guess I've got to go to bed now," said the little girl, after the survey; "the moon is covering up her children and tucking them in."

High Collars Hurtful

Christian Advocate.

Artists assert that the high collars now worn by women have destroyed the poise of the head and the lines of the neck. An artist who had studied the originals of the old masters for years says the human form has suffered by the use of unnatural collars, and many of the most beautiful lines have been lost thru their influence.

Wearing a stiff, high neckband will change the poise of the head to a marked degree, and this habit continued thru many years causes important changes in the muscles of the neck which soon become permanent. From an artistic standpoint there has been a considerable change in the ideal of feminine beauty during recent years, and a comparison of paintings of women by old masters and by modern artists shows a surprising difference, as far as the neck is concerned. In

old paintings the poise of the head is perfectly natural and graceful, and the lines of the neck are round and in graceful curves. In modern studies of woman's figure the curves of the neck and shoulders have almost disappeared.

The effect of the high collar is frequently hurtful from the health point of view. A very high band about the neck tends to strain the muscles and incidentally the cords of the neck and shoulders. If the collar be very high in front it will impede the circulation, in time result in headaches and nervous strain. It is also thought that high and stiff neckbands are responsible, by impeding circulation, for much of the bad sight of the present day.

Don't Wait for Your Opportunity

Success.

Make it as Lincoln made his in the log cabin in the wilderness. Make it, as Henry Wilson made his during his evenings on a farm, when he read a thousand volumes while other boys of the neighborhood wasted their evenings. Make it, as the shepherd boy Fergusson made his when he calculated the distance of the stars with a handful of beads on a string. Make it, as George Stephenson made his when he mastered the rules of mathematics with a bit of chalk on the sides of the coal wagons in the mines. Make it, as Dougless made his when he learned to read from scraps of paper and posters. Make it, as Napoleon made his in a hundred important situations. Make it, as the deaf and blind Helen Keller is making hers. Make it as every young man must who would accomplish anything worth the effort. Golden opportunities are nothing to laziness, and the greatest advantage will make you ridiculous if you are not prepared for it.

Be Just

Exchange.

Always take care to be absolutely just in your treatment of children. Justice is a quality for which they have an innate reverence, and, tho they are ready to forgive deserved punishment, they are quick to resent the least injustice. When punishment has to be given you should be quite certain that you correct for the child's good, and not to work off your own feeling of anger or irritation. Never punish a child for an accident, but only for deliberate naughtiness. Remember that careless injustice on the part of parents has warped many children's natures, making them bitter and revengeful.

Helped a Boy

Twenty-three years ago, says the "Cleveland Plain Dealer," President L. E. Holden, of Wooster University, came to our city a boy. A stranger, a physician, gave him a chance to make a living. The President told the story at the Euclid Avenue Presbyterian church on a recent Sunday morning.

"Twenty-three years ago to-day," said President Holden, "I came to this city, a boy of sixteen, without a friend or relative, and not a dollar in my pocket. I stood on